

# Zion's Herald.

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## Zion's Herald.

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### THE OUTLOOK.

A police lieutenant in Columbus, Ga., has been compelled to resign—for no neglect of duty, for no act of disobedience, for no complaint against him of inefficiency. The head and front of his offending was the discovery that, though to all appearances he was as white as a man as the whitest, there was a taint of color in his blood; and that was unpardonable. The community could no longer tolerate him as one of its officials. Will race prejudice ever die, will brotherly love ever have free course, in the Sunny South?

A former lieutenant in the U. S. Navy, who has distinguished himself as an inventor of torpedoes and various destructive missiles, has recently sold to the French government his invention for firing dynamite shells point blank from guns charged with powder. The price paid is said to have been \$500,000. Lieut. Graydon amply proved to the members of our Ordnance board, by tests at Sandy Hook, the utility and practical value of his projectile; but Congress is slow to appropriate money for the purchase of such inventions, and France therefore reaps the benefit of an invention which the defenses of our own country sorely need. Less money for fortifications, more for effective guns, would seem to be the wiser policy.

While a writer in the *Fortnightly Review* has been elaborating a scheme of coast defense for Great Britain by what he aptly calls "a mosquito flotilla"—the division of the coast line into eighteen districts, and the conversion of local tugs, yachts, coasters, steam barges, etc., into squadrons which could easily operate in fog, darkness, or bad weather, owing to the familiarity of the crews with the bays, inlets, etc., of their own section—Admiral Luce, of our own Navy, has been making a cruise in his steam launch "Vixen" across New Jersey by canal, and thence by way of Annapolis to Norfolk, with a view to exploring a possible system of interior water-ways for the use of both naval and commercial ships in case the coast should be blockaded during a war. Such a system is believed to be feasible, and the cost would not exceed, it is thought, \$100,000,000. The route would require the cutting of a ship canal at Sandwich in this State, the widening and deepening of the New Jersey canal to Philadelphia, a cutting to connect the Delaware and Chesapeake Bays, the enlargement of the Dismal Swamp canal, and a cutting across Florida. Ships could then pass from Boston to the Rio Grande without once going to sea. Congress will, doubtless, be asked to consider the project.

That ardent pessimist, Canon Taylor, comes out, in the columns of the *Fortnightly Review*, with a fresh array of statements and statistics to prove that foreign missionary work, in India especially, is a failure. He confines his point of view to the operations of the Church Missionary Society, which are carefully tabulated, and attempts to prove that the few converts made yearly are far outstripped in numbers by the natural increase of population. This annual increase of 10,000,000 heathen and Mohammedans, he contends, is too much for European methods of evangelization to keep pace with. No doubt, from his point of view, there is ground for doubt. Even the Salvation Army in that empire are dismayed at the magnitude and slow progress of the work. But, on the other hand, it must be remembered that other societies besides the Church Missionary are laboring there; that they are fully alive to the importance of enlisting the native element in the work of propagating the truth; that a vast amount of work is done, like that of the zenana, for example, which is not reported in the statistics; and that the Christian heaven is a hidden, pervasive element whose law and energy cannot be tabulated, but whose results finally appear in "nations born in a day." The worthy Canon needs less arithmetic and more faith.

The Parnell investigation, up to the present time of writing, has developed scarcely anything but dullness. The attorney-general's opening was wearisome in the extreme. No new facts or arguments appear to have been presented thus far—only an exposition of the *Times* case, with a general indictment of the League for its association with Irish Americans "who were advocates of dynamite," and for its alleged connection with agrarian outrages, and an attempt to prove that Mr. Parnell, being cognizant of and not repudiating the speeches of his followers, must therefore be held responsible for the crimes that resulted therefrom. The evident intention of the *Times*, as the New York *Mail and Express* states it, is to weave "a web of circumstantial evidence around Parnell, of such a kind as shall make the letters the most natural outcome of such a man in such circumstances." Such a course, with the latitude of inquiry allowed, cannot fail to discredit the Irish leader and his friends.

The National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, in its recent convention, succeeded in identifying itself formally with the Third

Party movement without sacrificing the unity of its organization. Mrs. Foster, with her Iowa following, is still a member of the Union, though an active supporter of the Republican ticket. Miss Willard and her coadjutors saved the convention from insisting upon any political test of loyalty. The following is the official statement on the question:—

"But as we have always maintained the freedom of each State in all particulars, save pledges and dues, and as Iowa has elected as its president a Republican party leader, we have not judged it just to go behind the returns." We have no desire to dictate W. C. T. U. laws or policy in any State or Territory. Under this tolerant method of procedure our auxiliaries have fallen into line until throughout the nation, except in Iowa, and somewhat more than one-half of Pennsylvania, the White Ribbons of this nation are practically solid for the Prohibition Party, every Northern State, save these, having formally declared for it in the State convention, and all the Southern States having done this in fact, if not in form. But ours is a society having forty distinct departments of work, and, as we do not make our party preferences a shibboleth, thousands of earnest women join heartily with us, whose study of this question has not been profound enough to prove to them, as ours has proved to us, that party politics must be used as the mightiest weapon of our warfare against the liquor traffic. They are fast perceiving this, however, and we do not wish to make any political test of loyalty to the National W. C. T. U., except the test of personal conviction."

### PHOTOGRAPHY IN ASTRONOMY.

BY PROF. S. L. RAILLEY.

"THE new astronomy" is the fascinating title that has been applied to the recent phases of astronomical investigation. The old astronomy was mathematical; the new is physical. The old was the where; the new is the how and what. To know the position and motion of the heavenly bodies, no longer satisfies astronomers; they must also know of what these worlds are composed, and what changes are there going on. Photography is the life of this new science.

It may have been the old alchemist Fabricius, who, intent on searching for the elixir of life, or perchance attempting some invocation to the spirits, threw salt water into a solution of silver nitrate and obtained a white precipitate of silver chloride. But here he stopped. Before his day an Italian had devised the camera obscura. In his darkened chamber he saw the beautiful but fleeting impress of the outside world. Here was the problem, which thus first hinted at, was realized by Daguerre. Arago classed the daguerreotype among the proudest conquests of genius.

The last fifty years have given us various accelerators—collodion, paper printing, and finally "dry plates." As a result of these discoveries, they have also reduced the time of exposure a thousand-fold. It is this exceedingly great and constantly increasing sensitiveness of dry plates that has brought photography to the front as an ally in many lines of scientific investigation. This is notably true in physical astronomy.

The principles of spectrum analysis are comparatively new in science, and in very brief are these: Pass a ray of sunlight through a prism. When properly done, we get what is called the solar spectrum, a more or less elongated band of colored light, violet at one end, red at the other, with the other colors of the rainbow between. When by properly regulating the apparatus we get what is a "pure spectrum," we see, not a continuous band of light, but this band crossed by a multitude of lines. These are the "Fraunhofer lines," and are characteristic of certain substances. By thus studying the light of the sun, we find lines characteristic of iron, sodium, calcium, oxygen, hydrogen, and many other familiar elements. The principles thus briefly referred to can be found more fully treated in any elementary treatise on physics or astronomy.

When we come to the study of the stars, we find their spectra are of different types. One class is like our sun, and seems to show that there are many stars in about the same development as our sun, as they show a very similar composition. Other types show us, not in general unknown elements, but different conditions and stages of development.

There are thousands of these lines crossing the solar spectrum; how many thousands, it would not be safe as yet to say. The processes of photography have developed multitudes of lines where only a few had been studied by the eye. Men spent years of patient labor in observing and mapping down these lines. Now with photography, not only are new lines discovered, but the process is made exceedingly rapid, and there is no room left for doubt. Probably the best photographic production of the solar spectrum has been made by Prof. Rowland, of the Johns Hopkins University. It was made by the use of the Rowland diffraction grating, and is wonderful in definition and beauty.

The most striking feature in this new advance is the power of photography to carry the work of investigation far beyond the ability of any eye to follow. It has long been known that the real spectrum is not bounded by the limits of the visible. We can see in the solar spectrum from a point in the red, where there is a prominent Fraunhofer line called "A," to the limit of visibility at the violet end near a line called "H." Between these two extremes of vision by earst labor of many men in the last fifty years the prominent lines have been carefully studied, and hence we know what the books tell us of the composition of the sun and a few bright stars. But this is only a little of the whole truth. Beyond the visible red and far, far beyond the violet, extends an unknown land with secrets hid since the foundation of the world. But how to see the invisible! Photography has given the solution. In a recent lecture, Prof. Trowbridge, by means of a lantern projection, showed his audience a portion of the solar spectrum having distinct lines, never before seen by human eyes. The ordinary dry plate

will show far down into the ultra-violet region, but in this instance, by treating the plate to a bath made of some newly-tested dye, the photograph showed farther into the invisible infra-red than any ever before obtained. A day or two before the lecture, the assistant, working in complete darkness, had prepared the plate and obtained the picture that was shown to the public first on the night in question.

This is only a striking example of what is going on in different parts of the world. New substances are being tried, and every device used to get plates that will reveal more and more.

It is but fair to state, in honor of Harvard College Observatory, that the first attempt to test the value of photography in astronomy, was made in 1850 by Prof. Bond, at that time the director. At the present time, also, at the same observatory, under the direction of Prof. Pickering, the most complete and elaborate study of the spectra of the stars is being made. The spectra of all the brighter stars in the northern heavens have been photographed, and this work is soon to be extended to the South Pole by a branch observatory in South America.

Photography has brought a great advance and opened up a vast possibility in the preparation of star maps. It is of great importance to the discovery of any possible new planet, and in the study of minor planets and comets, to have exact maps of the whole sky, showing even the faint stars. A great amount of work has already been done in this line. The most elaborate results as yet obtained have come from the Paris Observatory, from the labors of the Henry Brothers. Photographic work is now carried on more or less extensively at nearly all the great observatories of the world. A portion of the time of the great refractor of the Lick Observatory will be devoted to photography, and judging by the trial photograph of the moon, great things may be expected. Probably no one who has not actually done the work, has any idea of the labor involved in making a star map of chart, showing stars as faint as the ninth magnitude.

To get a photographic chart, however, it is only necessary to have the clock-work which drives and regulates the telescope in very perfect order. The instrument is mounted equatorially, that is, so that once set in proper position on the star, it will follow it in its westerly motion. The exposure is ordinarily made for an hour or more. During this hour the telescope must follow the star perfectly, without the least jar or friction. But the results when these conditions are fulfilled are wonderful and beautiful. With a moderate-sized telescope and an exposure of an hour to some portions of the sky especially rich in stars, the surface of the plate has the appearance of being thickly strewn with dust. To get an idea of the number of stars on such a plate, let us consider the sky itself a moment. The number of stars in the northern heavens visible to the naked eye is not far from 4,000. The sixth magnitude is about the limit of visibility. The telescope with which the writer is familiar photographs stars as faint as the sixteenth magnitude. Scattered over the same northern heavens with the 4,000 visible stars, are over 300,000 stars brighter than magnitude nine and one-half. How many there are brighter than magnitude sixteen, no one may safely even approximately estimate, but the number is certainly several millions.

We shall not wonder, then, that on a single plate about 10,000 stars have been photographed, for the photograph shows over a small region what we would behold if our eyes could see millions of stars where we now see a few thousands. A chart of ten thousand stars in an hour!

Yet we must not suppose that this finishes the work. To properly complete the work, is an immense amount of labor. But it can easily be seen what wonderful resources can be rapidly accumulated to be used as occasion requires. The great problems of the universe that now baffle all attempts at solution may some day yield to this investigation. The "fixed stars" are not fixed. Nothing in nature is still. It was long ago supposed that this earth was stationary and all other things revolved about us as a fitting center. Later we learned that we daily rolled around on the earth's axis and yearly about the sun as a fixed center. But then we learned that the sun itself, so mighty and vast, is a star, a centre for only our little system, and that it, too, is not fixed, but moving on. But whither? To some point in the constellation Hercules. But whither, when in the cycles of time Hercules shall be past? We cannot say. As yet there are no data. We simply know we are moving on. In the September number of the *Century* is an article by Prof. Holden, of the Lick Observatory, giving a chart by Flammarion, showing the motions of the so-called "fixed stars." After some centuries, when by photographic means a perfect record of the stars is gathered at regular intervals and open to the inspection of astronomers, it may be known in what vast orbit, if indeed it have an orbit, our solar system moves. With the increasing sensitiveness of the dry plates it will be possible to photograph the stars far below the limits of visibility. Indeed, already this is done. On the plates now made many stars appear which are invisible to the eye with a telescope of equal power.

It would seem to be possible, then, not only to obtain photographic charts of the whole heavens which would show vast numbers of stars so faint that no eye ever has or even with the most powerful telescope ever will see them; not only to watch the slow secular changes of these stars by a series of such charts made at regular periods, but also, if such existed too faint even for human vision, to discover some new member of our own solar system and watch its motion among the stars for ages.

There are other questions in astronomy that photography is assisting to settle. Enough

has been given to show that from being a useful member of the arts, photography has also joined the ranks of the noblest of sciences.

### GATHERED FROM HERE AND THERE.

"Bob" Bardette frequently puts more sound teaching to the square inch in one of his humorous talks than will be found in the square foot in many a sermon. Here is a sample:—

Remember, my boy, the good things in the world are always the cheapest. Spring water costs less than corn whiskey; a box of cigars will buy two or three Bibles; a gallon of old brandy costs more than a barrel of flour; a "full hand" at poker often costs a man more in twenty minutes than his church subscription amounts to in three years; a State election costs more than a revival of religion; you can sleep in church every Sunday morning for nothing, if you are mean enough to dead beat your lodging in that way, but a nap in a Pullman car costs you \$2 every time; fifty cents for the circus, and a penny for the little ones to put in the missionary box; \$1 for the theatre, and a pair of trousers frayed at the end and baggy as to the knee for the Michigan sufferers; the race horse scoops in the \$2,000 the first day, and the church fair lasts a week, shows twenty five or thirty of the best women in America nearly to death, and comes out \$40 in debt. Why, my boy, if you find yourself sneering or scoffing because once in a while you hear of a preacher getting a living, or even a luxurious salary, or a temperance worker making money, go out in the desert and feel ashamed of yourself, and if you don't feel above kicking a mean man, kick yourself.

Here is a condensed biography of "a mother of men," of the sturdy, old-fashioned type, specimens of which, thank God, still linger with us! We clip the item from the *New York Observer*:—

Years ago a family of four—a father, a mother, and two sons—dwelt in a small home situated in the roughest locality of the rocky town of Ashford, Connecticut. The family was very poor; a few acres of stony land, a dozen sheep and one cow supported them. The sheep clothed them, and the cow gave milk and did the work of a horse in ploughing and harrowing; corn bread, milk and bean porridge were their fare. The father being laid aside by ill-health, the burden of supporting the family rested on the mother; she did her work in the house and helped the boys do their work on the farm. Once, in the dead of winter, one of the boys required a new suit of clothes; there was neither money nor wool on hand. The mother shared the half-grown fleece of a sheep, and in one week the suit was on the boy. The sheep was protected from the cold by a garment made of braided straw. The family lived four miles from the "meeting-house," yet every Sunday the mother and her two sons walked to church. One of these sons became the pastor of a church in Franklin, Conn., to which he preached for sixty-one years; two generations went forth from that church to make the world better. The other son also became a minister, and then one of the most successful of college presidents; hundreds of young men were moulded by him.

That heroic Christian woman's name was Deborah Nott; she was the mother of Rev. Samuel Nott, D. D., and of Eliphalet Nott, D. D., LL. D., president of Union College.

So prone are we to underrate the power of little things, to call them "trifles" and neglect them until convinced of our mistake by some sad experience, that we need "line upon line and precept upon precept" to make us realize that there is nothing really small:—

A Cunarder put out from England for New York. It was well equipped, but, in putting up a stove in the pilot box, a nail was driven too near the compass. The ship's officers, deceived by that distracted compass, put the ship 200 miles off her course, and suddenly the man on the lookout cried, "Land, ho!" and the ship was halted within a few yards of her demolition on Nantucket shoals. A six-penny nail came near wrecking a great Cunarder. Small rocks hold mighty destinies. A minister, seated in Boston at his table, lacking a word, put his hands before his head, and this back his chair to think, and the ceiling falls and crushes the table, and would have crushed him. A minister in Jamaica, at night, by the light of a single candle, is kept from sweeping over a precipice of a hundred feet. E. W. Robinson, the celebrated Englishman, said that he entered the ministry from a train of circumstances started by the barking of a dog. Had the wind blown one way on a certain day, the Spanish Inquisition would have been established in England; but it blew the other way, and that dropped the accused institution, with 75,000 tons of shipping, to the bottom of the sea, or flung the broken and splintered logs on the rocks.

Many a lesson is learned by keeping the eyes open, as the following will show:—

He stood in the street side by side with the electric lamp, which he had lowered from its lofty perch above the busy thoroughfare. We were curious to see it, and stepped into the street.

"Replacing the carbon?" we ask the man.

"Yes," he replied.

The carbons are slender pipes, about nine inches long, of insect called the candle-fly, and are inserted in the lamp to supply the fuel which the electric current kindles into those dazzling embers that light the streets of our cities and large towns.

"How often do you replace them?" we asked.

"Every day," was the answer.

We went away busily thinking. This is not the only lamp that needs replenishing every day. Upon the pilgrim's shaded pathway to heaven, what a light is shed by prayer! Abraham prayed, Jacob prayed, Moses prayed, David prayed. Daniel got himself into serious earthly trouble because he prayed so persistently. All these, though, found light streaming out of prayer's lamp on life's pathway, and were cheered and comforted. Young pilgrims in the better way, if you would have steady light, let there be steadfast prayer. Don't forget to pray every day.

One of the best books for young men that we have lately seen is "Sure to Succeed," by J. Thain Davidson, D. D., just published by A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York. It contains Dr. Davidson's addresses at his monthly service, and will be found spiritually helpful to the young men in our Leagues. The following paragraphs from the chapter, "Art Thou in Health?" have an inspiring ring:—

We hear a great deal of the dark side of London; of its crimes, its lawlessness, its irreligion, its indelicacy, but, bless God, there is another side to the picture; and, nowhere on earth probably will you find brighter instances of a glowing and practical Christianity. It is no narrow, cramped and sickly type of piety I commend to you. I believe in a religion that broadens and ennobles a man, a religion like that of the late Samuel Morley, which, springing out of an

evangelical faith in the Lord Jesus, imparts to its possessor a thoughtful, large-hearted, Christian manliness. We don't want sour, dejected hermits. We want men whose religion is seen in the market-place, in public life, at the domestic hearth, and everywhere. I recently met with the curious remark, that "some are too meanly to be godly, and others are too godly to be meanly." The writer, I suppose, was referring to a certain phase of piety which dwarfs and belittles the soul; and which, adapted for a conventual or monastic life, is not fitted for the rough, noisy, busy world. Your preacher, let me frankly say, has no sympathy with that form of godliness. Michael Angelo one day went into the studio of Raphael when the artist was not in. He saw on the canvas a beautiful design, a human figure in graceful attitude, but disproportionately small. He slyly seized a brush, and faintly wrote underneath one word—*amplius*, that is, "larger."

So there are good men, earnest, godly men, who want largeness of conception, width of view, breadth of character; and to such I feel disposed to say, *amplius*, larger. Noble is the service rendered to his generation by every child of God who shows that a high-toned, fervent, spiritual life is not incompatible with a robust manliness, but rather conducive to it.

### MINISTERIAL METHODS AND HABITS.

BY REV. W. H. CLARK, D. D.

(A few weeks ago a circular letter was sent to several prominent ministers, containing a request that they would contribute to the columns of ZION'S HERALD such statements as they might be willing to make concerning their personal habits, methods of work, etc., for the benefit of younger preachers. The third article in reply is printed below.—Editor ZION'S HERALD.)

I HAVE been asked to write suggestions on the work of the ministry arising from personal experience.

I could never be in a mood for this, because never able to recall my work with complacency, so far as it has fallen below the ideal. And were it otherwise, I should hesitate if I thought any of my methods were to be adopted arbitrarily by my junior brethren. Each must have independently his own plan, worked by the rebound of original suggestions. To copy others, or even himself under changed conditions, would be a detriment.

An outline for what I may suggest has been furnished in the interrogatories quoted below:—

1. "Hours of study—how many—when?"

Morning hours until dinner at one o'clock, except Mondays, have invariably, as far as possible, been kept sacred to study. Also, when health has permitted, the hours from half-past nine in the evening to half-past twelve—the previous hours of evening being required for the social meetings and other pastoral engagements. In my earlier ministry my sermons were largely prepared in the night hours because of the quiet incident to no fear of interruption. I have never tried to tie myself to rules of study, because I should either chafe under, or break them, but have gone to my study as the mechanic to his shop, to do what should next be done, ever aiming to have on hand something exacting—"something craggy to break upon," unconditioned upon "softness or needless self-indulgence."

The amount of time given to the preparation of the sermon has been determined by its scope and aim, the processes of its growth, and the pressure of other duties. Sometimes one has taken time ready for delivery in an hour, yet as the outgrowth of months, years it may be, of study and spiritual exercises; the occasion, as a current event, revival or a camp-meeting, calling it forth.

Ordinarily the preparation of the sermon—one or two, as the case might be—has been confined between the two Sabbaths. The growth of the sermon or sermons has been sometimes intermittent with other studies, and at other times continuous, and occupying an amount of time so indefinite that no statement of it would be of service. The one invariable prerequisite for sermon-making—or growing—is ever keeping the mind on the anvil and near the Mercy-seat.

2. "Methods of preparation—purely extemporaneous, notes, or manuscript?"

In the early part of my ministry about one-third of my sermons were written in full and delivered from the manuscript. This for four reasons: (1) All public speakers should be able to handle a manuscript gracefully before an audience; otherwise, with rare exceptions, occasions will arise which will put them at a disadvantage. (2) As a discipline—to acquire facility of composition, correctness of style, and precision of statement. For want of time I was obliged to use in the pulpit what I wrote. This I could not do without having the manuscript before me. A memoriter effort would ungarment me, and for the hour make worse than useless to me what I had written. (3) Sermons on many subjects upon which I felt called to preach, I could only prepare with pen in hand, the pen serving me as a dead heavy stone in my hands when a boy fording a deep stream—keeping me on my feet and enabling me to go straight through. (4) Such was the state of my health—a serious bronchial affection—that I could not bear the antecedent anxiety of preaching two extemporaneous sermons on the Sabbath without aggravating my disability.

Another method of preparation has been to write full sketches, using the pen where, without it, the thought would not be clear, and skipping where otherwise; then taking the brief thus prepared into the pulpit.

Gradually, as health improved, and, in a certain way, mastery of the situation was acquired, the use of notes in the pulpit was discarded, and of late years I have seldom used any, and have found an added stimulus in being independent of them.

But whatever the method of preparation or delivery, unless at the hour of preaching I have been charged like a Leyden jar with the theme, the sermon has been a failure; there must be an overflow to the "earthen vessel," to reach the congregation. To rely for success on the literary part of the preparation were like a soldier relying on his dreams without his percussion caps.

I have heard all the best speakers of every class as opportunity has offered, to correct and elevate my ideals of preaching. The two who have most helped me in this regard have been Bishop Simpson and Wendell Phillips.

3. "Hours of pastoral work? Suggestions."

All my afternoons, between dinner and tea, in every charge, except two smaller ones, have been given, when the weather permitted, to pastoral visiting, and to incidental pastoral engagements, the latter having been sedulously excluded from the morning hours. On my first round I have taken the names and ages of the children, always speaking to them when at home; have ascertained the history and condition of the family as far as I might without being obtrusive, making such entry in my book as would serve me in future visits. To the sick and afflicted I have given special attention, always careful to give them no occasion to feel neglected; and speaking of them in the Friday night meeting, have sought to keep the church in sympathy with them.

In my visits I have read the Scriptures, spoken to the family individually on the subject of personal religion, and sung and prayed, or not, as the character and circumstances of the family have seemed to require, rejoicing with them in their good fortunes and sympathizing with them in their sorrows.

My own cares and anxieties have been rigidly kept out of sight, with a steady aim to cultivate a uniform cheerfulness and enthusiasm which should be help and hope in every home.

Aside from service rendered by systematic visiting, a reflex gain has been realized: (1) Relaxation from the tension of the morning hours. (2) An insight into the wants of the people, which has kept the heart aflame with desire and restless with effort to meet them. (3) An interblending with the most spiritual minds of the charge, and whose great words of cheer now and then have been to me as a bugle-blast in a battle charge. (4) Sermons from the courage and cheerfulness of God's poor, which have moved me more than could ever those of a Simpson. (5) Some of the choicest subjects and illustrations gathered for sermons. (6) Sympathetic chords between the pulpit and the pews on the Sabbath. (7) The cultivation of friendships which have ripened into life-long attachments, and which are now radiant with golden memories.

Other pastoral work has been chiefly comprehended in taking charge of the prayer-meetings and the general class, attending the particular classes each in turn once a week, visiting the Sunday-school each Sabbath, organizing the children into religious classes, and the membership into working corps and literary societies, varying methods with each charge, so as to project myself to the fullest extent into its life, and be in all its religious work an inspiration and guide.

4. "Whether you emphasize pulpit or pastoral work, and why?"

If by this is meant which is to be regarded of primary importance, I answer most emphatically, "pulpit work." The call is to preach—proclaim, as the mouthpiece of the Almighty. Others can do essentially pastoral work, but none except those called of God can, or should, preach. The function of preaching is unique, is aloof from all other instrumentalities. It demands a life consecration of the whole heart and brain to continuous handling of spiritual verities. Thus felt the apostles when separating themselves from "serving tables." This as a means of spreading the Gospel is fundamental. No other human agency can have co-ordination with that of sacred oratory in conveying to men the messages of the Gospel.

Teaching the truth in private intercourse, in the home, in the Sunday-school, may and should be eloquent, but it lacks the conditions of power supplied in the public proclamation of the Gospel. The hallowed associations of the Sabbath and sanctuary, the uplifting of the singing, prayer and reading the Scriptures, the consciousness of standing at the call of God before the assembled people, the responsibility of claiming their attention and meeting wants expressed by their voluntary presence in the solemn assembly, the quickened responsiveness to each earnest appeal, the retraction of thought and expression upon the speaker, the glow of his visage, the gleam of his eye, the emphasis of his gesture, the tremulousness of his movement, the ground-swell of reserved power stirred by the measureless depths of his theme, the opening out of the soul at such moments to the infusion of the Holy Spirit—all are a combination of forces evoked nowhere else as in the pulpit. He who, divinely called to preach, makes any kind or degree of pastoral visiting a substitute for brain-sweats in preparation for the pulpit, pitifully prostitutes the holy office and stupidly misifies the divine call to it. The people talk much about having a "pastor," but if it becomes apparent that the said pastor is making pastoral visiting first, and preaching second, the official board will begin to talk in private about a change of ministers.

5. "Whether you prefer preaching or prayer-meeting on Sabbath evenings, and why?"

No one rule determining this question can be adopted. As a denomination we are in a transition state, and happy the pastor who can accurately gauge it, and most wisely adapt his work to it. Before advising a pastor upon this subject, I should want to know his charge as thoroughly as he ought to know it himself.

6. "Personal recreations—what kind?"

Change from one kind of work to another; looking to the summer vacation which my charges kindly give me, when I expect to visit with my family and fill head and heart with as many good things as possible outside of pastoral relations and work.

If, now, I were asked what three things most ensure success to one called of God to preach the Gospel, I should, without hesitation, answer, the first is character, the second is character, the third is CHARACTER.





### GREETINGS FROM THE GENERAL OFFICERS.

WE congratulate you, young friends, on the year of prosperity which has just ended. Our gathering, Wednesday, Oct. 17, was a delightful "harvest home." So large a number of auxiliaries, many of them new societies, have reported during the year, that we are really quite a host. Let us fervently pray that our Saviour may look with pleasure on our growth, and give us His presence in all our meetings, local and general, during the opening months!

The design at the head of this and our other page bears 12 outline the ideals we are to have influence us in our work. "Look Up," suggests that pleasant visit which Christians and their children enjoyed at the Interpreter's House. The story is told in the third chapter of the second book of the Pilgrim's Progress, which might be read in a League meeting as a dialogue. The wise man takes the whole group about his "Significant Rooms" and his garden and field, and by quaint parables opens to them the truth. He taught them how to see God and His teachings everywhere. We hope in your Bible and literary meetings you will become open-eyed to the divine lessons which this world and the Book teaches.

The other sketch you no doubt recognize as poor Christian in the Slough of Despond. The man whose name was "Help" is lifting him up. He brings to mind all those good men and women, who keep themselves from evil and go about doing good to others. In your village or city there are scores of people who are slumping into all sorts of boggy places, and who need you to come to them and say, "Give me thy hand." Draw them out, and encourage them, and point them to the Wicket Gate and the joyous way of the Cross.

We wish you great success in all your plans of helpfulness.

In a few days the managers will meet. They will have some suggestions for you all in the next League edition.

### FINGER POINTS.

- *Non victuri salutem!*
- Doesn't the old Herald look youthful?
- The fresh sketch of Susannah Wesley, on this page, is not meant for mothers only. Begin it, and you will scarcely fail to finish it.
- Something more than politeness is taught in the incident, on the sixth page, entitled, "A Railway Lesson."
- Lots of suggestive hints will be found in the story of John Wanamaker.
- Were you at the convention? If you were not, be sure to read "Look Up—Lift Up." If you were, you will need no hint to read it.
- Rev. Frederick N. Upham will edit our League Reports. They will be reserved hereafter for the League edition.
- Every League member will find profit in reading the editorial on "The Duties of Citizenship."
- The hand of an expert will be recognized in the article on "Photography in Astronomy," on our first page.
- Our financial committees will derive suggestions from "Miss Latimer's Class."

### THE MOTHER OF THE WESLEYS.

BY IRVING C. DUBRELL.

SUSANNAH was the twenty-fifth child that gladdened the home of Dr. Samuel Annesley at Spital Yard. Her parents were of gentle birth and in comfortable circumstances. In so large a family she was saved the conceit and selfishness often fostered in an only child, and such a diversity of disposition gave ample scope for independent thinking. She was beautiful and cultured, and her writings show marked literary ability; she wrote and spoke her own language fluently—an accomplishment sadly undervalued by many young ladies of the present day.

She had a definite purpose in life, toward which she bent the energies of her girlhood, regulating her habits by strict principle, allowing herself only as much time for recreation as she spent in devotional exercise, and, in her stated seasons of prayer and meditation, was accustomed to record her thoughts and impressions, to give permanence and steady growth to her Christian experience. Living at a time when religious questions were agitating all classes and refugees were leaving the country, it was but natural these matters should receive the attention of so thoughtful a child, and while other girls of her age were reading literature, she was studying religious subjects and their bearing on the politics of the day. Arriving at her own conclusions, she declared herself in favor of the Church of England, and, though her father had become identified with the Non-conformist party, her decision met no opposition from him.

Such was the girl who attracted the attention of the young student, Samuel Wesley. He was also a churchman from a Nonconformist family, and maintained himself at Oxford by tutoring and the product of his pen. Having creditably completed his course, he was ordained and appointed to a curacy in London, where, with an income of thirty pounds a year, he brought his young wife in 1689. Having seen the girl, surrounded by comfort and culture, it will be interesting to follow

### The Wife,

a bride of twenty, as she comes to lodgings in London to face the problem, like many a young minister's wife, of living respectably on very limited means. Her reading had not been fiction, filling her mind with imaginary conditions and relations, but of real life, and now she was ready to undertake the solution of the problem. Her husband was inclined to build largely on hopes of future success, so that upon her practical skill and executive ability rested much of the responsibility of regulating household affairs.

To their humble London home they welcomed their first child, Samuel. Soon after, they moved to South Ormsby, where the in-

come was increased to fifty pounds a year, but the little ones came frequently, and poverty increased. Little Mary, from the effect of a fall, was deformed and sickly; death also found an entrance into the circle, and Mrs. Wesley was in the midst of family cares and sorrows; but she had learned in her hours of religious meditation those deep principles of faith that stay the soul, and was enabled to stand unmoved.

Having been married eight years, they removed to Epworth, but the larger income was spent in a larger house, and money was borrowed to stock the farm which Mr. Wesley decided to work himself. He succeeded as most clergymen do who undertake to combine farming with parish and literary work—he met with only moderate success in all, and was always in debt. Doubtless this was a sore trial to Mrs. Wesley, but she strove to make the limited income go as far as possible, for the arms into which God gave nineteen children, some to be reared for His work, and some to be humiliated in infancy, could only bear this humiliating embarrassment as a cross.

Such was Susannah Wesley as a wife, but her noble character is best seen in

### The Mother,

as she applied her system of self-discipline to the training of other characters committed to her. At the period when most mothers divide their cares with the public school-teacher, Mrs. Wesley was struggling with the question of how to educate her little troop with no public school, and no money to hire governess or tutor. It must be done, for the father was determined on an education for the boys, and the mother was equally determined in the case of the girls. There was but one way—the school must be in the rectory, and she must be the teacher; so she set herself resolutely to the task that required six hours a day for twenty-one years.

Believing that the will must be subdued to higher authority as a preparation for parental and divine training, she instituted a method for the government of every child from infancy. The first three months of life were spent in sleep, then they were expected to sleep three hours in the forenoon and three in the afternoon. When a year old "they were taught to fear the rod and cry softly." Their diet was governed strictly, and regulated by their increasing age. They were taught to pray as soon as they could speak, and to engage in devotions by signs even before they were capable of verbal expression. When a child reached his fifth birthday he was taught the alphabet—a task for which but one day was allowed; then came the spelling, verse by verse, of the first chapter of Genesis, and so on till he could read easily. No girl was taught to work until she could read well, and then the time of her work was governed by that of her reading. When Samuel needed to complete his studies for entering Westminster School, she was unable on account of ill health to devote sufficient attention to him, and he was sent away for the needed preparation, but was the only one who was not fitted for entrance to the higher schools by his mother in the home—a significant fact to be considered when as Methodists we look back with pride to the culture of our founders. Her work required much patience; one day her husband listened to her teaching, and remarked that by actual count, she had repeated a thing to a child twenty times. She replied: "Had I but told him nineteen times, my labor would have been lost; it was the twentieth time that crowned my effort."

Troubles came to them plentifully. Mr. Wesley's political enmities had him imprisoned for debts, and there was lack of food and clothing in the home. Later, the rectory was burned in the night and some of them narrowly escaped death in the flames. Valuable books and manuscripts were burned, but that was not the sorest loss, for in the separation of the family into different homes the influence of their strict discipline was to some extent dissipated, and when again reunited Mrs. Wesley was obliged to double her diligence to eradicate their loose habits. She organized the older ones into a corps of assistants to read and expound some portion of Scripture to the younger ones each day. She now commenced specific religious instruction, using as a text-book certain dissertations which she had prepared on revealed religion, the being and attributes of God, the Apostles' Creed, and the Ten Commandments.

Having thus far improved her every opportunity, she was quick to discern other avenues of usefulness. For several months her husband was absent on business, and the curate left in charge was so unpopular the people would not attend church. Mrs. Wesley had commenced holding religious services each Sabbath evening for her own household, reading them some good sermon. As it became known in the neighborhood, her hearers increased until they were more than those of the curate in the morning; and although his audience had also been increased by her good work, yet his jealous eye looked with disgust upon it, that Mr. Wesley wrote advising his wife to desist because it made her conspicuous; it was not the thing for a woman to do, and the criticism occasioned might injure him in his public life—the same reasons that have served the centuries for objections to woman's work. She had been prompted by principle, not policy, and her reply was candid and reasonable; she continued in what she considered her line of duty, and the displeasure of the curate brought a more urgent letter from her husband. Still she must have proof that the thing was forbidden of God before she was willing to give it up, and wrote telling him the good results of the work in the parish, and asking him, if he wished her to stop, to command her and thus relieve her of responsibility. He soon returned and took up his own work, and the matter was ended.

From these glimpses into the unique character of the mother, it is interesting to trace its influence upon the lives of her sons. Young people who have aspirations for usefulness in maturity must begin early to establish a sound character. Mrs. Wesley taught her children to subdue their wills, to think for themselves, to have a determined purpose, to look duty in the face and ask, "What ought I to do?" not, "What will people think?" It is only the weak-minded who are willing slaves of custom. She taught them, by precept and example, the value of method in work. She had time to care for and educate her large family, to impress them with religious convictions, to lead them in the in-

vestigations of their maturing minds, and when the sons came to lead others into new ways, she was their adviser and co-worker. She taught them the need of heart-culture. She never shrank from Christian testimony for lack of a new thought, because she systematically cultivated every God-given emotion. Young reader, the book of your experience is open before you, and Christ waits to illuminate every page with His shining face. If, like this godly woman, you will study the movements of God's hand in your life, and make permanent record of His dealings with your soul, you will have chapters of instruction for the ignorant, rest for the weary, comfort for the sorrowing, and a volume of exultant praise to brighten the twilight of your own beneficent life.

### PRAYER OF A KING'S DAUGHTER.

May the little cross I wear  
Help me, Father, day by day,  
Life's abundant life to bear,  
Walking truly in Thy way.

"In Thy name and for Thy sake,"  
Doing all I humbly can;  
Bless the steps I humbly take,  
Following Thee, O Son of Man."

May my life, my love to Thee,  
Be a living, not a word.  
May I ever ready be  
All to give up for my Lord!

Consecrate, O Heavenly King,  
This adoring heart of mine.  
To Thy truth, my wholly true,  
Make me truly, wholly Thine.

—Churchman.

### "LOOK UP—LIFT UP."

First Annual Meeting of the Y. P. C. L.

BY REV. FREDERICK DUBRELL GRAYES.

WHAT a contrast have I witnessed within the last forty-eight hours! A young lady of eighteen, with a most beautiful face, led away to prison at the request of her parents because she was intractable, and the enthusiastic gathering of young people at the first annual meeting of the Young People's Christian League in the Tremont St. M. E. Church, to learn more of the obedience they owe to their Master, to whom they wish to be always tractable.

The convention started at 10.15, President W. I. Haven in the chair. The opening exercises were conducted by Rev. T. C. Martin, of Riverside. Mr. Haven then introduced Mrs. G. F. Washburn, of Boston, who read a report of the quarterly meetings of the Board of Managers. The growth during the past year has been marvelous and beyond our expectations at the beginning. New societies in large numbers have been organized. Utah and Texas even have sent to the corresponding secretary for information. We are growing.

Rev. E. E. Small, of Malden, then presented the report as the corresponding secretary. During the first year of our existence, 170 Leagues, representing over 8,000 members, have been formed. These Leagues are at present mostly in New England. The interest in them is good, and intense.

Mr. W. M. Flinders, of Newton Centre, read the report of the treasurer, from which it was learned that all the bills had been paid, but that there was no balance left in the treasury. It was empty, but replenished during the day.

At the close of this report, the president made a few felicitous remarks. During the year he has visited a large number of Leagues and found, happily, that the controlling influence was Christian. What individually we cannot do, we can, perhaps, when we are banded together, as local Leagues and as General Leagues.

After the presentation of credentials and after choosing committees to facilitate the business at the afternoon hour for the transaction of business, and making all the resolutions of motions of various kinds, Mrs. E. B. Spence sang very appropriately and beautifully, "The Lord is my Light and my Salvation."

Then the reports of delegates were listened to, but checked because it was taking too much time. The corresponding secretary pro tem, Rev. E. E. Small (the regular secretary, Rev. W. P. O'Neil, being absent), gives the following list of delegates, saying that many others were present, whose credentials were not received:—

MASSACHUSETTS.

Allston—Rev. Wm. Full, Miss Jennie Morse, E. A. Reed, Jr.

Boston—Rev. Daniel Steele, G. H. Butterfield, H. E. Wilcox, G. F. Washburn, C. F. Hildreth, Chas. S. Sule, Mrs. Ous Chase, John McKee, Miss Ellen Rowe, D. L. Smith, Miss M. L. Babson, E. J. Higgins, C. H. Wall, Miss Carrie B. Steele, Rev. Chas. Young, H. M. Ayers, Miss Lizette Strayman, F. H. Albee.

Brookline—A. G. Brewer.

Cliftondale—Rev. C. A. Littlefield, Miss H. A. Hayward, A. B. Coates, E. A. Robinson, Mrs. S. E. Swan, Miss E. L. Pearson.

Cohasset—Rev. R. J. Kellogg, W. L. Sylvester.

Cambridge—W. H. Crocker, Rev. G. H. Cheney, Chas. B. Day, A. L. Williams, W. A. Sullivan, G. L. Conant.

Dedham—Chas. H. J. Kimball, Miss E. S. Kimball, Evelyn Kimball.

Dorchester—W. Plummer, Miss M. Savarance, Miss K. E. Blynn, A. C. Downs, S. J. Templeman.

East Saugus—Harry G. Butler, Miss E. Kimball, Mrs. Horace Vinton.

East Somerville—Misses Fannie and Phebe Dillon.

Plymouth—Mrs. F. J. Douglass.

Pittsfield—Rev. F. E. Sawyer, Chas. E. Bennett, H. B. Nash, Frank L. Hale, Miss Alice Chapel, Miss Grace Robbins, Miss E. C. Allen, Miss Essie Butler.

Roxbury—Daniel L. Smith, Ellen E. Rowe.

Riverside—Rev. T. C. Martin.

Southbury—Rev. F. N. Upham.

Waltham—Rev. J. M. Avann, Miss Adah Sugden, Miss Lizette Northrup, Miss Mabel Young, Mr. Harry Cramer.

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### Our Book Table.

**BIBLICAL ANTIQUITIES:** A Hand-book for use in Seminars, Sabbath-schools, Families, and by all students of the Bible. By E. W. G. Loomis, Professor in the Theological Seminary. With Numerous Illustrations and Tables. Price, by mail, \$1.50. Philadelphia: American Sunday School Union.

This is a compact manual, adapted to popular use, clearly printed on fine paper, amply illustrated, strongly bound, the work of a thoroughly competent Biblical scholar, who is familiar with recent investigations and knows how to use them, and whose authority in this field no scholar will question. His work is in every respect satisfactory. The domestic habits, social customs and problems of life as it existed twenty centuries ago, are here classified and stand out in clear relief. Not only has the author dealt with the Hebrew people, but he has also treated of the conditions of other contemporaneous and contiguous peoples, and shows their influence upon Jewish character. Further, he has kept steadily in view the significance of the antiquities of the Bible in the modern history of redemption by and through Jesus Christ. The volume will win its way to a place beside many a Bible, and be regarded as indispensable. It contains both a Scriptural and General Index, which easily and quickly find the treasures.

**WESTERN CHINA:** A Journey to the Great Buddhist Center of Mount Omei. By Rev. Virgil C. Hart, B. D., Fellow of the Royal Asiatic Society. Illustrated. Boston: Ticknor & Company.

By the courtesy of the publishers we are permitted to examine advance sheets of this contribution to works on China, and in advance to a description of a part of the work rarely reached by travelers. The author is a well-known missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church, a man of recognized ability and judgment, and he has succeeded in producing a thoroughly interesting and valuable book. Much curious information is scattered through these pages. It is difficult to drop the volume until the reader reaches the famous Buddhist center, and there the wonders of the celebrated monastery, dating back over sixteen hundred years ago, and the glories of the templed Mount Omei, which rise thousands of feet above, hold him in rapt attention. The author quietly tells of the local descriptions of the place, in which the folk-lore holds a chief place. In his concluding chapter he bespeaks for China, in the case of those who would attempt its evangelization, the highest, broadest culture.

He says:—  
“Let us be calm and look the situation in the face. China is a great empire; it has an ancient and voluminous literature; it is a language which it requires brains to master. It has a vast army of literary men, keen and scornful, who will meet the teachers of Christianity at all points. There are ancient systems of philosophy and religion much older than the system you bring to them, and having many followers. The task is not to bring into contact with a people who reverence to idolatry all that belongs to their great past, or to say what is new. It is not to take advantage of a people who are so susceptible to so generally equipped that his superior intelligence may command the respect of those who hear him. The day is past when an Indian man or woman could be sent to China; the field demands a man of noble heart.”

**THE NEW TESTAMENT:** Its Origin, Mission, and Auxiliaries. The Lyman Lectures before Yale Divinity School for 1888. By H. Clay Trumbull. \$1.50. Philadelphia: John D. Potter.

Day-school teacher needs an introduction to Dr. Trumbull. He has been for so many years in the very heart and van of the movement, that his pen has been so usefully busy, and otherwise, in interpreting and truth; he has been so successful in biblical teaching right home to the people, that all are eager to read what he writes. The present volume is a beautiful and rich treasury of his thirty years' devotion to Sunday-school work. The Divinity faculty were right in their choice of such a thorough and comprehensive of the origin, history, relations, and of the scholarly audience of the pleasure of listening to the author's words. The present volume is a great Sunday-school world. It has been long waiting for a work the book has now arrived to.

**THE PACIFIC STATES OF NORTH AMERICA:** California from 1848 to 1859. By Howard Bancroft. San Francisco: The Pacific States Company. \$1.75.

Mr. Bancroft's remarkable series of histories appear without chronological relation to each other. We have already had the later history of California and the very interesting episodes relating to the remarkable social revolutions which occurred in its chief city; now we have a very elaborate and interesting history of the country just before the gold discovery, with the succeeding record of the rapid progress of a peculiar population, the rise of San Francisco, the character of the early society, the political history of the State, the growth of its towns, a short sketch of the popular tribunals, and the annals of the city of San Francisco until 1859. The volume bears the same characteristics as its predecessors, and fully sustains the well-won reputation of this valuable library of the social, political and religious history of the Pacific countries and States.

**THE MEYERS (An Episode).** By Joseph Kirkland. Price, \$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: Boston.

The “Meyers” re-introduces some of the characters which figured in “Zury,” “the meanest man in Spring County,” and really a sequel or continuation of that admirable book, which pictured with rare fidelity the conditions and experiences of pioneer life in Illinois. The author's style is virile and rugged, and his characters are sketched with lifelike consistency. The scene of Philip Meyers' death, in which Zury Procter comes forward as a true friend, is noble and touching in the extreme.

**HER OPPORTUNITY.** By Henry Clemens (Mark Twain). Price, \$1.50. James H. Earle: Boston.

“Her Opportunity” is a companion volume to the popular book, “His Opportunity,” the latter having already reached its 17th thousand. The story is a bright and interesting one, written in a clear and vigorous style, with a decided interweaving of sound moral principles, the leading characters being taken from the young women of to-day in their new and rapidly widening relation to practical affairs and self-help. A young society girl, the daughter of a New York governor, whose heart had been deeply stirred by a glimpse into the lives of working girls, goes into a box factory to work in order that she may be able to give practical help and sympathy to the box-makers. So interested does she become, and so insignificant at the treatment the girls receive from their employer, that she buys the factory and runs the business herself to the satisfaction of all concerned. The attempt of another mill to force her out of the field, her successful mission school work, her understanding with the man she loved, and the happy explanation and betrothal, are vividly told. The book will be widely read.

**GREAT THOUGHTS FOR LITTLE THINKERS.** By Lucia T. Ames. Price, \$1.50. G. P. Putnam's Sons: New York.

On thick paper, in large clear type, with many illustrations, the author presents in a simple language and definite form as possible, an outline of those fundamental truths in science, history, religion and morals which “shall be a base for all later thought, with the hope that however inadequate, it may at least serve as a stepping stone to something better than what most of the children of the previous generation.” The volume has grown out of “the desire to help one dear little girl,” and will meet a felt want in many a household for something which shall supplement the home and school instruction of young children. We can heartily recommend this beautiful book to mothers for their little ones.

In paper covers we have:—  
From Harper & Brothers, New York: “The Mediation of Ralph Harriot,” by William Minto, author of “The Crack of Doom.” 30 cents.  
From Ticknor & Co., Boston: “Doctor Ben,” by Orlando Witherpoon—“an episode in the life of a fortunate unfortunate.” 50 cents.  
From D. Appleton & Co., New York: “A Recalling Vengeance,” by Frank Barrett, with illustrations. 50 cents. “Mr. Fortescue,” an Andean romance, by William Westall. 40 cents.

From J. S. Oelrich, New York: “A Strange People,” by John M. Batchelor; and “A Strange Conflict,” by John M. Batchelor. 50 cents each.

From Cassell & Co., New York: “Antreols”—tales of old New Orleans and elsewhere—by James A. Harrison. Sunshine Series.

### Magazines and Periodicals.

The *Andover Review* for October is a strong number. Prof. Moore ably discusses the influence of modern historical investigations and methods on men's views of Christianity and the Bible, and the positions which the church should take toward such studies. Mr. Samuel V. Cole, writing of “The Development of Form in the Latin Hymns,” traces and explains the changes introduced into Latin verse by the Christian hymn-writers. Prof. Stoddard, of the University of California, draws a striking comparison between two important and opposing tendencies of literature represented by Tolstol and Matthew Arnold. Prof. James, of the University of Pennsylvania, considers “Manual Training in the Public Schools in its Economic Aspect.”

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The expectations excited by the prospectus of the *Home-Maker* are more than fulfilled by the beautiful, illustrated magazine that was issued the first of October. With Marion Harland as editor, it could hardly fail of success. It will be a magazine for the home, a companion, filling a field that has hitherto been uncultivated. Home literature, home work, household help, fashions, young people, the baby, art class, etc., will give our readers a kind of the contents of the pages for October, with Rose Terry Cooke, Oliver Thorne Miller, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Helen Everett Smith, Catherine Owen, Kate Upson Clarke, Mary C. Hangerford, Octave H. Brown, and others as contributors. Home-Maker Company: 24 West 23d Street, New York.

*Lippincott's* for October is an E. P. Roe number, containing a frontispiece portrait of this genial and popular author, a story from his pen entitled “Queen of Spades,” an autobiography, “A Native Author Called Roe,” and “Some Words on E. P. Roe,” by Wm. S. Walsh. A goodly collection of miscellaneous papers follows the above, making up a very readable number. Judge Tourge continues his serial story; F. N. Zabriskie, under “Brown Bread and Black Bread,” conveys what he calls a good-natured story of Boston; John Habberton begins “At Last: Six Days in the Life of an Ex-teacher,” which promises “richness.” The third installment of answers to “Our One Hundred Prize Questions” covers Nos. 16-25, and is really good reading. “Events” covers not every day in the current month, but prominent events of the past that happened in an October.

The *October Magazine of American History* is a rich number. It opens with the first part of a romantic chapter of Texas history, entitled “The City of a Prince,” by Lee C. Harby. The next article is an illustrated sketch of the “Site of Old Fort Massachusetts,” conspicuous in the French and Indian War, by Dr. D. D. Slade. The third contribution, and a notable feature of the issue, is Hon. George B. Loring's brilliant “Vindication of General Samuel Holden Parsons,” from the charges of treasonable correspondence with the enemy in the Revolution. Following this is an “Unpublished Letter of President John Adams,” traces and explains the changes introduced into Latin verse by the Christian hymn-writers. Prof. Stoddard, of the University of California, draws a striking comparison between two important and opposing tendencies of literature represented by Tolstol and Matthew Arnold. Prof. James, of the University of Pennsylvania, considers “Manual Training in the Public Schools in its Economic Aspect.”

Rev. John T. Jones, in the September number of the *Review*, on “The Practical Treatment of the Problem of the Country Church,” is commended upon the present number by Dr. Dike and three other clergymen, Messrs. C. M. Sheldon, M. J. Allen, and C. L. Merriam. The discussion cannot fail to command wide attention. The editorials are all upon timely topics. The number closes with Rev. Mr. Curtis' article on current German Theological Literature. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

In the October number of the *Bibliotheca Sacra* the most striking article is entitled, “The Oldest Book in the World,” which introduces us to the literature of Egypt before the time of Abraham. In 1847 there was found in one of the tombs of Thebes in Egypt a papyrus MS., which was sent to Paris and published in facsimile. The MS. is judged by all Egyptologists of note to have been written in the fifth dynasty, that is, some time before Abraham went down to Egypt. No satisfactory translation had been secured until that of M. Vieuy, which was published in French a few months ago. This translation is now for the first time put before English readers, and Prof. Goodrich, of Rochester Theological Seminary, accompanies it with the necessary explanatory matter. Rev. Dr. Douglas, on “The Relation of the Divine Immanence to the Miracles of Christ,” continues his able discussion of the subject. Dr. Hayman concludes his remarkable series of papers on “The Economy of Pain.” One of the most timely articles, in view of present discussions, is that of Dr. Love, entitled, “The Church of Alexandria,” an After Death Frolic, or a Universalist,” in which it is made to appear that the confident claims recently made by the New Departure theologians that their views were substantially those of the learned and influential church father are without foundation. The article of Rev. Edward Steele deals with the philosophy of music, showing how it is that music is so much more available in religious expression than painting and sculpture can be. “The Eschatology of the New England Divines” is another article of special timeliness. In this Prof. Foster continues his discussion of the rise of Universalism in New England, showing how closely the Andover professors are following in the footsteps of their predecessors, not in Andover Sem



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## Zion's Herald.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 31, 1888.

## CONGRATULATIONS.

It is not more frank than fair to say that no issue of the HERALD has been more anxiously or joyfully prepared than the present. Anxiously, because the entire editorial corps were very desirous of showing to our Young People's Leagues how highly the privilege was prized of holding so close and important a relation to them. Joyfully, because as the result of so little thoughtful anticipation, we have been confident that the first menu prepared would be particularly appetizing and satisfactory. Each page of this paper has been studiously arranged, with the purpose to provide something on it that would be interesting and instructive to the League readers. We have not sought to make a paper for the child, but for the thoughtful, studious, practical and aggressive youth of our church.

We are especially happy that we are to spread the same table for the old and the young. May they always sit at the same cheerful and compensative board! The bond of normal sympathy shall thus be made closer and more helpful. The old in such close and joyous intimacy with the young shall be made younger, and the young in such counsel with the old shall be made wiser. There shall be at least no fancied severance or isolation.

The presentation in our columns of the work of the denomination in New England and at large, will inspire a livelier hope and more enthusiastic loyalty in the hearts of our young readers, while the regular exhibit and discussion of the work of the Leagues will more gratefully convince our elders that God has now called the young women and men of our Methodism to leadership in a providential movement.

Thus the editorial corps of the HERALD rejoices in its new relation to the younger heart of Methodism and to the reciprocal and salutary influence that the older and the younger readers are to have upon each other.

## YOUTH.

Disraeli, the renowned premier of England of recent date and so distinguished as a writer, penned this significant sentence: "Almost everything that is great has been done by youth." Then he takes a kaleidoscope glance at history to confirm his statement. He shows that the greatest captains of ancient and modern times conquered Italy at five-and-twenty. It was a youth, "an extreme youth," that overthrew the marvelous Persian empire. John of Austria won Lepanto at twenty-five — the greatest battle of modern times. Gustavus Adolphus died at thirty-eight. The Duke of Weimar at thirty-six. Cortes was thirty when he gazed rapturously upon the golden city of Mexico, and Maurice of Saxony died at thirty-two. John De Meidel was a cardinal at fifteen, and then a marvel in the wisdom of statecraft. Luther did his bravest and most revolutionary work comparatively in his younger years. Ignatius Loyola, John Wesley and Gilbert Haven commenced in early life "to live for the future." Pascal wrote a great work when sixteen years of age, and died at thirty-seven. Raphael, unrivaled forever as a painter, made himself immortal when young, and died at thirty-seven. "The history of heroes," says Beaconsfield, "is the history of youth."

It is gratefully significant, then, that God is laying hold so strongly of the youth of Methodism and lending out to Christian serviceableness such a potent factor. Is not our denomination just needing the impulse of youthful buoyancy, courage, daring and enthusiasm?

Aspirations indeed for Methodism is the remarkable and organized Christian effort among our young people, for which we devoutly give thanks. Let ministry and churches keep in closest sympathy and heart-beat with this great movement among our youth!

## THE DUTIES OF CITIZENSHIP.

The good man is a good citizen. No Christian has a dispensation to neglect himself, his family, his church, or his country. He owes his body and soul diligent care; he owes the church and his household a faithful service. He owes his country all the foregoing

duties and also an intelligent and conscientious exercise of the special duties of his office as a citizen. Casting a ballot is not so much a right as a duty. The legal voter holds an office, and should fill it as he should fill any other, with God-fearing fidelity. A vote is not a piece of private property; it is a public act which the law of the land requires of legal voters.

We have to vote, in order to vote effectually, for the candidates of parties. In doing so, we select the principles as well as the men to govern us. This selection is not always easily made. Each party has some things of which we do not all of us approve; it is not precisely a choice of evils, but a choice of imperfect good which the careful voter makes. In acting with a large body of his fellow-men, he must have some personal preferences, and consider mainly which of different policies or men seem to him most likely to promote the general welfare. If he waits for a perfect party, he will not vote in this world.

The good man, however, has an influence to exercise upon the party of his choice, in the selection of principles and candidates, and in this influence he helps to prepare good policies and to maintain high aims. This is a reason why a good man must, as a rule, belong to some party. Mere voting after the manner of the platforms and the primaries will not suffice in our circumstances. To elevate party politics may not seem easy; no great work is easy; but it is a plain duty to try, and to keep trying. "Independent" is a good word for some purposes, but when it means neutral, there is a doubtful flavor hanging round it. For parties are characterized by the people in them, not by the men on the division fences. To make a party good is a good man's work, and the vast importance of it is not easily realized. No way of managing the government except by parties has ever been devised. The party sustains to patriotism some of the relations of the church to religion.

This is, therefore, a time for political work, and the good man is presumed to be attending to it. Each of us ought to be a patriot; and a patriot, like a Christian, is a man with something to do with his might. A Christian who only aims to feel right, is a poor kind of Christian; a patriot who only feels right towards his country, is poor stuff. We all have to be active and practical politicians if we measure up to the mark. It is a pity there is dirty politics; it is more unfortunate that some Christians regard all politics as dirty. They are mistaken, and if they were not, it would still be their duty to make some clean politics. A good man is too good for this world — or rather not good enough — if he cannot put his whole soul into strenuous action upon politics.

When one meditates a little upon the greatness and glory of this fair land, the fire will burn in him if he is sound in practical godliness and remembers his share in the present and his responsibility for the future. The citizens have, under God, made the country great and renowned. The men of to-day are making the to-morrow of the nation. The very greatness of the country should make us solemn while we think of our duties, and send us to our knees for Divine strength and wisdom. Who is sufficient for these things? Under God, good men are sufficient for them. The preservation and upbuilding and purifying of the nation is our task, high, inspiring and ennobling. To be a worthy citizen of a great country is one of the highest objects of life, because the worthy citizens make the country great.

Genuine religion need not suffer from politics; this is one of the applications of Christianity — good politics — about which there can be no doubt. Of course the right kind of a Christian takes his religion to the caucus, the mass meeting and the polls. He is in demand at these places in his character as a Christian. If his religion is something he can put off as he lays aside his coat, we fear the country has as little use for him as the church has. We believe the country is to move on in her splendid career; but we should not hope so contentedly if we did not see a great increase of Christian men engaged in Christian politics. Let us all serve the country with intelligence, zeal and good conscience — as a Christian duty.

## POINTS.

— A cordial welcome to our League readers! — "They that seek Me early, shall find Me." — Make Christ only your ideal. — "I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong." — The Gospel of St. John reveals the very heart of Christ. — The Bible is required in twenty-nine different languages to supply the people of Pennsylvania with the Word of God. — Constant study of the New Testament is the best food for the young Christian. — "It is a certain exquisite femininity that endears her to all strong-minded people of either sex." — Be a robust Christian, and not a dyspeptic. — Coleridge said that he did not believe in ghosts, because he had seen too many of them. — Be that young Christian who can always be relied upon to do something. — Dr. C. S. Robinson says that people now build larger churches, but do not produce any larger ministers. — Beware the special and the partial in your Christian life. — An absorbing love for Christ will awaken an absorbing love for men. — "The five barley loaves and the two small fishes of the loaves" were multiplied by the Saviour until all were fed. — Over two hundred freshmen attended the first prayer-meeting of the year at Yale. — Bishop Hurst has one of the largest and best-selected libraries in this country. — Sin is degradation, and degradation is misery. — "Prayer will make a man cease from sin."

or sin will induce a man to cease from prayer." — Bishop Foss is given a "rousing farewell" as he leaves Minneapolis to make Philadelphia his home. — Not what the League can do for you, but what you can do for it, is the thought. — Never was so large a proportion of the young men and women in our institutions of learning Christian as at the present time. — Pitch your Christian life to the note of joy and the note of sorrow. — All our Bishops, except Bishop Fowler, will be at the People's Church, Friday evening, Nov. 9. — "If ye love Me, keep My commandments."

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Wesleyan Home. — We had the pleasure of looking in upon the well-lighted rooms of the Wesleyan Home, at the sale arranged by its lady managers, last Thursday afternoon and evening. The day was propitious, and a large company of visitors from the Newtons, from Boston, from Lynn and other places were present. In the evening the front of the pleasant "Home" was ornamented with Chinese lanterns, and within its halls and rooms were a blaze of light. Well-laid tables, covered with attractive and useful articles, exhibiting both the taste and diligence of the ladies who had contrived to the occasion, offered strong temptations to the visitors. In the absence of Mrs. Dean Huntington — the president of the managers, who has been specially interested in getting up the sale, but is now an invalid at Clifton Springs — Mrs. C. C. Bragdon, the secretary, presided over the beautiful reception. The commodiousness and general neatness of the Home awakened universal remark, and special interest was excited when the children, who attend the public school, returned at the close of the afternoon session to the Home. They form a very bright and promising band of little boys, with one particularly attractive little missionary girl. To several who visited the Home last Thursday, both its opportunities and its excellent progress were a revelation. Its future is full of pathetic promise. Our churches are becoming awakened to its necessities and its usefulness. Their hearty cooperation will enable its directors to fill its rooms at an early day, and to secure such additional facilities as are now greatly needed. The editor found a goodly number of his old parishioners when pastor in Abundant, and very Newton Centre exhibited special interest in the occasion and made large gifts; Newtonville contributed both work and personal service; Malden sent a gift of money. Mrs. C. W. Peirce, one of the original trustees and a constant benefactor, secured many and very valuable gifts for the tables. From Bradford and Tremont St. Churches. The annual meeting, suitable for Christmas presents, will remain for the present on a table in the parlor of the Home, and we heartily invite our lady readers in this vicinity to visit it during the pleasant fall weather, and both secure gifts for Christmas presents and add to the avails of the sale for the benefit of this very interesting and useful charity. Thus far the ladies have realized \$200 net from the sale, and it is hoped that the churches, like Malden, will send in gifts of money or articles for the continued sale.

Race Question. — Leave the question of the relations of the whites and blacks to the people of the South, who alone are concerned with it and understand it, is the sage and disinterested counsel of Senator East. "The Nation preaches of New England," against whom he is so greatly incensed, are not quite prepared to concede that the dominant Southern alone understand the case. One may be too near as well as too far away to obtain a clear view. It is a fair question whether New England distance or Southern interest and prejudice is most likely to obscure the vision. But, beyond and above all, the vision is always tendered gratis, the Northern people do not propose to meddle with this race question, save where it touches upon the rights and interests of other sections of the Republic. When they secure a solid South, by suppressing the ballot of the black and gaining control of the general government by a minority of the people, they have very large faith, if they believe citizens in the North will ultimately submit to it. We meddle with this race question because it is ours as well as theirs. It is under the constitution; it affects us all. We have all confidence that, in the end, the just and generous people of the South will join those of the North in setting this matter right.

The Negro in the North. — Senator East tells us the negro is as badly treated in the North as in the South. Let us see. In the North he is absolutely free before the law — in all respects equal to the white man. He is free to go and come, to buy and sell, to hold property, to defend himself in the courts before juries and judges generally disposed to render him ample justice. Without let or hindrance he can cast his ballot for such candidates as he pleases, and feel sure his ballot will be counted. If he can obtain votes enough, he may hold any office in the State. As to any other citizen, all public places are open to him; he can sit in the church or hall beside his pale brother, and his children may sit in the public school beside those of the millionaire or the governor. Let the South go as far, and we will turn our criticism into eulogy.

## PERSONALS.

In the October Writer, Fred Lawrence Knowles, son of Rev. Dr. D. C. Knowles, tells in a pleasing way how the poet Whittier advised him about his verse-making, saying that it would not be a bad idea to send a copy of it to "every aspiring young verse writer in the land." Two or three of Mr. Knowles' earlier poems appeared in our columns. — On the 24th inst., by Rev. Dr. C. W. Gallagher, presiding elder, assisted by R. M. Church, Westport Point, Mass., Rev. Wm. E. Knier, of Cottage City, was united in marriage to Miss Bertha B. Corry, of Westport Point. Mr. Knier is a member of the N. E. Southern Conference, and was formerly pastor at Westport Point. With his bride he makes a brief visit to his former home in Ohio. — W. Henry Hutchinson, of Lynn, who went far on the trip to the Holy Land with Dr. J. H. Mansfield and others as Naples, returned on the 22d inst., highly delighted with the tour, and reports all the rest of the party as vigorous and jubilant when he left them. — Rev. Thos. Tyrie, of Plymouth, N. H., will commence in November a series of Sunday evening lectures to young women, on the following topics: "Woman, Past and Present"; "The Place of Woman"; "Education of Woman"; "Manners and Morals"; "Housekeeping and Home-making"; "Ministry of Angels."

— Rev. H. H. French, of Haverhill, preached on the 21st inst. at Haverhill St. Church, to the great satisfaction of the large audience, and conducted a most successful prayer-meeting in the evening. — That was remarkable good sense as well as rare insight in the excellent article of Rev. Geo. D. Lindsay, in which he said: "The muddling of people's minds with new theology and twaddle, and soft sayings of a spiritually soporific flavor, is not the way to hasten the millennium." Such a great thought, so well expressed, will bear repetition in our own columns. — In the parlors of the beautiful church at Nahua, N. H., we noticed the following portraits: Revs. George Bowler, V. A. Cooper, Charles Skilling, Dr. C. E. Hall, J. R. Day and B. F. Raymond. An excellent likeness of Rev. J. H. Haines, in a rich frame, hanging alone, fittingly marks the ardent love of this people for this faithful and successful minister. We shall be glad to see this custom made universal in our churches. Thus happily may church and pastor be permanently linked together! — The fall meeting of the Board of Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church will be held in our city, beginning Thursday morning, Nov. 8, and continuing until the following Tuesday. All the members of the board, sixteen in number, except Bishop Fowler, who is now supervising our missions in China and Japan, will be present. At this meeting the work of the Bishops for the Spring Conference is arranged, and many matters of interest connected with their administration are determined. The sessions of the board will be held in the vestry of Tremont St. Church, and, as we understand the matter, will be of a private character. On Friday evening, Nov. 9, however, a grand union mass meeting of the Methodists of Boston and vicinity will be held at the Methodist Church, at the Spring Conference is arranged, and many matters of interest connected with their administration are determined. 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### THE LONGFELLOW STATUE.

(Unveiled at Portland, Me., Sept. 29, 1888.)

BY GEORGE RANFORTH GRIFFITH.

For her mother, like Tell,  
These strains of music do not swell,  
We sing of one who knew;  
And hall with Love's own benedictions  
His image shaped in lasting bronze,  
Because all loved him so!

His was no chieftain's hard-won fame,  
Nor his the statesman's honored name,  
Whose words a senate heard;  
But his the subtle, higher art,  
To thrill the depths of tenderest heart,  
While coldness breast was stirred!

After the long, long week of rain,  
A speck of blue sky shines again,  
As on that autumn day  
When "neath old Concord's hillside pines  
We heard the reciter's charmed lines,  
O'er Hawthorne, passed away.

There Longfellow shed true friend's tear  
Upon his classmate's honored bier,  
And, though 'twas years ago,  
While now I see him sculptor-wrought,  
Again Maine's son, by genius taught,  
I feel my own tears flow.

As oft within his chestnut chair  
He sat serene, with silver hair,  
Behold, his semblance sits!  
With changeful tints the bright leaves move,  
And through a swaying branch above,  
A golden robin flits.

Slow walking, in his soulful mood,  
'Neath breezy dome of Deering's woods,  
Near his boyhood's home;  
With frail arm-in-arm again,  
I picture him in shady lane;  
See him by ropewalk roam.

A sunbeam lights the sculptured face,  
Giving it almost native grace,  
While children gaze, and lo!  
As if his very spirit caught,  
Each little one's pure, tender thought,  
Throws pencilled gleam below!

Thither will children oft repair,  
Where like one waiting in his chair  
To greet them, he will be;  
While his grand seed-thoughts early sown  
Will bloom for their hearts and our own,  
And live in memory.

Woodford, Me.

### THOUGHTS FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.

Each one of us is bound to make the little circle in which he lives better and happier. Each of us is bound to see that out of that small circle the widest good may flow; each of us may have fixed in his mind the thought that out of a single household may flow influences that shall subvert the whole commonwealth and the whole civilized world. — Dean Stanley.

A perfect life is not attained in a day. Men cannot cut 'cross roads, or take an air line for the kingdom of heaven. If we had our way, we should have the best of the blossom, and the ripened fruit at the same time. But this is not God's method. He gives us "first the blade, then the ear, afterwards the full corn in the ear." Character is a growth, and it requires time to perfect the full-rounded Christian. — D. C. Tomlinson.

Pleasant smiles, gentle tones, cheery greetings; tender and sweet words, or a business care, or the children's noise; the ready bubbling over of thoughtfulness for one another — and habits of smiling, greeting, forbearing, thinking in these ways. It is these above all else which make the whole commonwealth of God, a house not made with hands; these that we hear in the song of "Home, Sweet Home." — William C. Gannett.

Constantly look up. Be on the watch for chances to rise, like a bird let loose, though but for a moment, into the upper air. Such is the nature of holiness. Being from God, it is ever seeking to return to his source. The heavier the pressure of a mundane life upon it, the stronger is the force of its compressed aspirations. Such pressure is like that of the atmosphere on water, which seeks, through crevices in its solid shell, the level of its fountain. A spirit like this will demand the habit of fragmentary prayer for its own holy indulgence; and will demand it with an importunity proportioned to the superabundant weight of earthly cares. — Austin Phelps, D. D.

When across the heart deep waves of sorrow break, as on a dry and barren shore,  
When hope glimmers with no bright tomorrow,  
And the storm seems sweeping evermore;

When the cup of every earthly gladness  
Bears no taste of the life giving stream;  
And high hopes, as though to mock our sadness,  
Fade and die in some fitful dream;

Who shall hush the weary spirit's chiding?  
Who the aching void within shall fill?  
Who shall whisper of a peace abiding,  
And each surging billow calmly still?

Only He whose wounded heart was broken  
With the bitter cross and thorny crown;  
Whose dear love gladdened words of joy had spoken;  
Who His life for us laid meekly down.

Blessed Healer, all our burdens lighten;  
Give us peace, Thine own sweet peace, we pray;  
Keep us near Thee till the morn shall brighten,  
And all mists and shadows fly away!

— *Cantabrigy Hymnal.*

There are deep places in life. For years we pass on in a circle of routine, until we reach a crisis. Sometimes years of cloudless prosperity are interrupted by a succession of troubles, as the smooth stream of a river is broken by rapids and hurried suddenly down a cataract. The happy family is entered by death. . . . Love is disappointed; hopes are frustrated; prosperity ceases; adversity comes; sickness despoils us of our energies. In such hours we seem to descend step by step, into still more profound depths of trial and sorrow. But from these depths the heart sees God more clearly than from the sunny hill-tops of a happy life — as persons can see the stars at midnight from the bottom of a well. When all around grows dark, the inward light grows stronger and clearer. — J. F. Clarke.

Our hands should be trained to gentle ministries. It would be pleasant to think of what a hand — just a common hand, without money or gifts of any kind — can do to bless, to inspire, to comfort, to soothe, to help. A dying father lays his hand upon the head of his child in parting benediction, and through all his life the child feels that touch and is blessed by its memory. A baby wakes in the darkness and cries out in terror; the mother reaches out her hand and lays it upon her little one and it is instantly quieted. You are in sore affliction, sitting with breaking heart in your home out of which the light has gone. There seems no comfort for you. Then one comes in and sits down beside you. He scarcely speaks, but he takes your hand in his and holds it long with warm, gentle pressure, and there flows through it into your soul a current of loving sympathy and of strengthening inspiration.

You go out some morning discouraged and weary-hearted. Something has cast a shadow over you. Suddenly in the way a friend meets you and accosts you in cheerful tones; reaching out his hand he grasps yours with great heartiness while he looks into your face and speaks an earnest, whole-souled greeting. He goes his way and you hurry on, but now the shadow has lifted and the sunshine has entered your soul. Your friend's hand-shake did it all.

These are hints only of the possibilities of blessing which God has hidden away in our hands. Every day as we pass along come unnumbered opportunities to do great good simply by the reaching out of our hand to those who are tempted, or discouraged, or sorrowing, or who have faltered and fallen in the strife. We ought to let our heart flow out through our hand, that with every hand-grasp and every touch our best love may go to those who need its healing, inspiring ministry. — Presbyterian.

### ECONOMY IN BOOKS.

BY F. S. TILTON.

AMERICANS have been taught a great deal by French cooks, whose theory is that true economy consists in using things ever in a desirable way. May not we, in the same way, economize in our books?

I passed a few days recently with a friend, and was astonished at the amount of current literature I found in his home, for I knew my friend was a busy man, and could not possibly read one-half the books contained. I was on my way to the country for a few weeks' rest, and while speaking of country people, he revealed his secret.

"I always send Frank Leslie's and ZION'S HERALD to a family up in New Hampshire," he said. "They have plenty of money to buy the papers, but not having been educated to the necessity of such things, they will not use their money for them. They, in turn, send the HERALD to an old Methodist lady, too poor to buy it, and she to some of the city ministers. The other papers I cannot trace so far, but doubtless they are read by more people than I know about. A supernumerary minister has the S. S. Times, and although it is a month old when he receives it, he enjoys it just the same. My Scribner goes to an invalid school friend, and the North American Review just where I think it will do the most good each month; so, you see, I run over my papers, get an idea what the world is talking about, and then others enjoy the articles of which otherwise they would never hear. So I have a small share in educating the world."

On the other hand, there are people who would on no account loan a book or magazine lest it should be soiled or torn. It is aggravating to have our much-prized volumes injured, but who rereads a magazine or paper? Many such are collected now for Castle Garden and similar places (even little Sunday-school papers), but still scores are wasted weekly. How much people whom we know would enjoy them — where we boarded in the country last summer, or some young person struggling for an education!

I once bought a book expressly to lend, and for years I never saw it. It passed from one connoisseur to another until it had been in half the homes in the village. Although somewhat battered now, I look upon it with more satisfaction than any book I possess.

While we are calling for economy in other matters, shall we not give this some attention?

### MISS LATIMER'S CLASS.

"I heard a remark the other evening which I want to repeat to you," said Miss Latimer to her class of eight girls.

"About us?" asked Rosalie brightly.

"Yes, about you — about 'Miss Latimer's class.'"

"I'm afraid it was some complaint, you look so sober," ventured little Alice.

"You shall judge. You have heard, of course, of the new hospital people are talking about building to replace the shabby old one. A party of gentlemen at Mrs. Preston's reception the other night were discussing the matter. The opinion seemed to be almost universal that it would be injudicious to try to build and furnish a new house. Gruff old Judge Cartwright thought it could be done. And he ended up his argument by saying, 'As to furnishing, Miss Latimer's Sunday-school class will do that, in one year and not think they have worked very hard either.'"

Miss Latimer smiled brightly, and the girls were so delighted they softly clasped their hands.

"It is very gratifying to know you have such a good reputation for courage and efficiency," said Miss Latimer. "Now what do you say to our trying to see what we can do? We might make ourselves responsible for one room, at least — that would be quite within bounds."

"Yes — oh, yes!" all approved.

"Since I overheard that remark I have learned that the new building is a settled fact. So let us each think out some plan. Then meet with me Wednesday afternoon, and we will compare notes and decide upon what is best to do."

The happy flock dispersed, buoyant with a new purpose.

Miss Latimer's class of girls was a notable one in all good works. Indeed, it was quite a by-word for downright determination and business energy. There was a good deal of thinking done by each member of it between that time and the afternoon they were to report. They conferred with fathers and mothers, and sought suggestions from every one who could advise.

But when Wednesday came, and they were gathered together in Miss Latimer's cosy room, there was an entire absence of enthusiasm. The truth is, when confronted with original planning they had found it was not a very easy matter. Each one aspired to make a telling and effective programme of work, and not one now approached the unfolding of her ideas without disappointment in herself.

Many things were suggested — fairs, tableaux and other entertainments, the A. B. C. way of raising money, and various other tried methods. Finally, quiet Lydia, who had less money probably than any of her mates, timidly proposed that each girl should invest a penny in whatever way she liked, and the proceeds of that penny and its re-investment should be her contribution to the hospital fund.

This was greeted with an amused smile on the part of some, and with resentful wonder in others as too flippant for notice. But it was evident Lydia had not spoken without much forethought, for she was entirely unmoved even by open contempt.

Miss Latimer said: "Lydia has told me her idea before, and I think it a very good one. It would throw each one upon her own resources."

"But only a penny," laughed Rosalie. "A penny won't buy money to start with."

"If we want to borrow money to start with, we can," said Lydia, shyly.

"Lydia is curious to see how much can be done with very little," explained Miss Latimer.

They talked the plan over, and by degrees its possibilities unfolded to them. Finally it was rather reluctantly approved.

"Cheer up," said Miss Latimer, noting the general feeling of doubt. "You have all heard the story of the miller's daughter who asked for her dowry one bushel of wheat to be doubled each day for a month. This seemed very little, but counted up to one billion, several millions of bushels. Now let us see if our pennies cannot grow in some such magic fashion."

"What can be done with a penny?" was in every girl's mind when the class separated that afternoon. Lydia alone of the entire flock had a definite idea, for she had had more time to think of it. She said to Rosalie as they walked away together: —

"There is one thing I can do well, and that is what I have determined to try. I can make cottage cheese. I can get all the skimmed milk I can carry away for nothing from our neighbor who keeps cows. A penny's worth of cream will make my first cheeses nice. After that I am pretty certain."

"And I?" said Rosalie, reflecting. "The only thing I get constant praises for is that I keep my hair so bright."

"How do you do it?" asked Lydia; "for you must keep some one else's hair bright."

"I do it with the yolk of an egg. Oh, I know — I know," stopping to clap her hands. "I'll buy an egg and turn barber. I'll shampoo Aunt Virginia's hair — she'll pay me to do it."

As the other girls strolled homeward they too talked. Said Alice: —

"Papa is always praising my handwriting, it is large and plain. I think I'll buy a sheet of paper and make him let me do some copying for him."

"You know the gray moss cross I made last fall," said Bess, "everybody thought it so pretty. I believe I could sell some like it."

"There was a bright flash in Flora's cheeks, but she said nothing. The idea that had come into her mind seemed almost presumptuous, and she must speak to her mother about it. She was timid, and this seemed like putting herself forward too much. She played the violin beautifully, and wherever she was invited people expressly requested she would bring her instrument."

"What if I were to say when I am invited to play that I will be glad to do it in behalf of a hospital room?"

"I might make some money that way and invest my penny in a ribbon badge to show why I expect money for trying to give people pleasure."

"Dolly was in despair. Her ingenuity seemed stone dead. Presently she said, as they passed a grocer's, "Wait a minute, girls, I want to buy some pop-corn to make balls for Bobby's store."

"Bobby! Bobby to sell them?" burst in Nanny eagerly.

"He wants them to play store with."

"Well, why don't you sell some for our hospital?"

"The gleeful laugh that rang from Dolly showed this was just the hint she wanted. "Pop-corn is one of the things that can be bought for a penny," she said.

"While Dolly buys her corn I will go into Sprague's for some darning-cotton," said Nanny.

"Do you know how to darn?"

"Better than I wish I did — sometimes."

"And is this to be your penny investment?"

"I hadn't meant it so," cried Nanny, gaily, "but it shall be — I'll make somebody pay me for darning."

Cathie's way home was apart from the rest. She had only her own thoughts for counsel. What should she do? Sell one of her lovely Angola kittens? That was all she could think of. To do that would not cost even her penny.

When one sincerely tries to accomplish a certain thing, the way is pretty sure to open for it to be done. So before even the first afternoon had passed, each girl of the eight had mapped out some project in her mind. I do not think they were more ingenious than other girls, but they were devoted to their teacher, who had trained them to self-reliance, and they were willing, even to eagerness.

We cannot follow the detailed development of each plan, nor give the step-by-step with which results were attained, nor the trials and discouragements that sometimes made the outcome dubious and disheartening. But a general summary may be useful.

Lydia did not lack a market for her cottage cheese as long as warm weather lasted. Indeed, she could not begin to supply the demand with the milk given her, so she bought milk and her mother helped her with the work. She carried the delicious white pats in baskets to her customers. Out of that business she also drew.

Rosalie shampooed her aunt's hair and got fifty cents. It was so nicely done her aunt arranged for it to be done once a week for the year. This brought her \$25.

Dolly borrowed ten cents to buy molasses, and made pop-corn balls, which Bobby sold for her in his store. The first month showed a profit of \$25. Alice bought a sheet of paper, and her father gave her a dollar for writing a few pages for him. She did not feel that this was fairly or honestly earned. She could not expect such prices for actual value of service. So she invested the dollar in bright-colored cretonnes, out of which she made clothing-bags, in chambray-skin to make into purses, and in various other common-sense materials for work. Her progress was slow, for it took a great many stitches and many an hour of tedious sewing.

Bess made moss crosses to begin with, and sold a good many. Then she and Alice combined their capital and made confectionery — caramels, chocolates and other dainty things. This was less confining and more profitable.

Flora accepted every invitation to play, upon an understanding with her hostess as to what she should expect in return. The want of narrow primrose ribbon on the end of her bow brought out purses and applause generously.

Nanny, the uneasy, bright-hearted Nanny, delighted darning from her mother's friends. On the evening of darning she was called to stitches! Oh, the beauty of out-of-doors that would lure her eyes and heart from the homey work! Finally, her mother, believing it hurtful, insisted she should abandon darning and try something else.

So Cathie and she combined their forces. Cathie had sold one of the three Angola kittens her uncle sent her. She and Nanny gilded corn-cobs for a Christmas fair and carried on what they called a "general notion business."

Some, of course, made more money than others. When it was generally understood what the girls were trying to do, people were very generous, paid large prices and bought whatever they were asked to buy. The circumstances and general feeling were favorable for the utmost to be accomplished.

At the close of the year Miss Latimer's class turned into the hospital treasury nearly \$200. It did not seem credible, but it was true. As out of the tiny acorn grows the stately oak, so out of the humble penny grew this rich gift.

It was the most generous single donation in money made to the new hospital. An entire

ward was furnished with it — eight cots, each named for one of Miss Latimer's class. — CLARA DOTY BATES, in Advance.

### THE GRAY DAYS.

Evermore all the days are long, and the cheerless skies are gray;  
Restlessly wander the drifting winds that scatter the  
blinding spray,  
And the swirling currents come and go like serpents  
across my way.

Wearily fades the evening dim, drearily wears the night,  
The ghastly mists, and the hurrying clouds, and the  
breakers' crests of white  
Have blotted the stars from the desolate skies; have  
curtained them from my sight.

Speeding along, my wave-tossed barque encounters  
no passing sail;  
Welcoming friend nor challenging foe answers my  
sighing call —  
Only the sobbing, anguished waves, and the wild's un-  
ceasing wail.

Hopefully still my sails are bent, my pilot is faultless-  
ly true;  
He holds my course as though the seas and the mir-  
rored skies were blue,  
And the port of peace, where the winds are still, were  
evermore in view.

For over the spray, and the rain, and the clouds,  
shines the eternal sun;  
The unchanging stars in the curtained dome still  
gleam when the day is done,  
And the mist will be kissed from the laughing skies  
when the port of rest is won.

— R. J. Burdette.

### A RAILWAY LESSON.

IT was a hot, dusty day, when two or three passengers entered the train on the Iowa Division of the Chicago & Northwestern Road at Bridgewater. Among them was a stylishly dressed young man who wore a stiff white hat, patent-leather shoes, the neatest of cuffs and shiniest of stand-up collars. He carried a cane, and carefully brushed the dust from the seat in front of me before he sat down.

Just across the aisle, opposite him, sat a tired woman, holding a sick baby. I never saw on any face a more discouraged, worn-out, despairing look than that on the mother's face. The baby was too sick even to cry. It lay moaning and gasping in its mother's lap, while the dust and cinders flew in at the open door and windows. The heat and the dust made traveling, even for strong men, unbearable.

I had put down the stylish young man in front of me as a specimen of the dude family, and was making a mental calculation on the probable existence of brains under the new hat, when, to my astonishment, he leaned over the aisle and said to the woman: —

"Madam, can I be of any assistance to you? Just let me hold your baby awhile. You look very tired."

The woman seemed much surprised, though the request was made in the politest and most delicate manner.

"O, thank you, sir!" said she tremulously. "I am tired, and her lips quivered."

"I think the baby will come to me," said the young man, with a smile. "Poor thing! it's too sick to make any objection. I will hold it carefully, madam, while you lie down and rest awhile. Have you come far?"

"From the Black Hills."

"What by stage?"

"Yes; but the baby was well when I started. I am on my way home to friends in the East. My husband — my —"

"Ah, yes, I see, I see!" continued the young man in a sympathetic tone, as he glanced at the bit of crape in the little traveling hat. By this time he had taken the baby, and was holding it in his arms.

"Now you can lie down and rest a little. Have you far to go?"

"To Connecticut," replied the woman, almost with a sob, as she wearily arranged a shawl over her face, and prepared to lie down in the seat.

"Ah, yes, I see! And you haven't money enough to go in a sleeping car, have you, madam?" The poor woman blushed faintly, and put one hand over her face, while the tears dropped between her worn fingers.

I looked out of the window and a mist came over my eyes, while I changed my calculation of the young man's mental ability. He looked thoughtfully and tenderly down at the baby, and in a short time the mother was fast asleep.

A woman sitting across the aisle from me, who heard as much of the conversation as I had, came and offered to relieve the young man of his charge. "I am ashamed of myself for not offering to take the baby from the mother before. Poor little thing! It's asleep."

"So it is. I'll surrender it to you now," with a cheerful smile.

At this point the train stopped at a station, and the young man rose in his seat, took off his hat, and said in a clear, earnest voice:

"Ladies and gentlemen, here is an opportunity for each one of us to show that we have been brought up in a Christian land, and have Christian fathers and mothers. This poor woman," pointing at the sleeping mother, "has come all the way from the Black Hills and is on her way to Connecticut. Her husband is dead, and her baby is ill. She hasn't money enough to travel in a sleeping car, and is all tired and discouraged. What will you do about it?"

"Do!" cried a big man down near the water-cooler, rising excitedly. "Do! take up a collection — the American citizen's last resort in distress. I'll give \$5."

The effect was electrical. The hat went around and the way the silver dollars and quarters and ten-cent pieces rattled in it, would have done any true heart good.

I wish I could describe the look on the woman's face when she awoke, and the money was given her. She tried to thank us all and failed; she broke down completely. But we didn't need any thanks.

There was a sleeping-car on the train, and the young man saw the mother and child transferred to it at once. I did not hear what she said to him when he left her, but it must have been a hearty "God bless you!"

More than one of us in that car took that little lesson to himself, and I learned that even stylish as well as poor clothes may cover a noble heart. — Companion.

### AMERICAN WOMEN ABROAD.

IT may be of interest to know how other than American women travel. We made the acquaintance of a handsome, highly-educated young lady from Finland. She is a teacher in the Seminary (Normal School) for girls. It is a position difficult to obtain, as not only is a good salary provided, but, from time to time, such teachers are given a six months' vacation, with full salary and a traveling stipend besides; the object being to

give the teachers an opportunity to recruit and extend their knowledge by learning how schools are carried on in other lands, provided the cities visited have schools in session. Such a favored teacher is our young lady, acquaintance, about twenty-eight years old, and speaking English and German besides her own language. When she heard that we were intending to go on a three weeks' excursion to Italy, she came to us, and we were only too glad to have her company. Leaving our heavy luggage in Bern, we prepared for our Italian trip a valise of moderate size, containing sufficient for two ladies' necessities, and light enough to be carried by us in case no porter should be at hand to help us. The Finnish lady joined us, carrying in one hand a small botanic press, and in the other a tiny satchel, ten inches by eight, containing a volume of Charles Dickens, a tooth-brush, and a comb. She started with fear that she might have a trunk packed for her journey, which is a nuisance in Italy, especially as we none of us speak Italian. I asked where was her luggage.

"Here it is," she replied. "I have nothing but these two things," holding out her hands. "I thought I should not need more, because my traveling dress is new, and of quite a thin woolen material." When I inquired about underwear, she coolly replied, "That I can buy whenever I need it, and can leave the soiled clothes behind me; this arrangement will be no more expensive than yours, as you pay ten and twenty cents to the porters for lifting your valise from room to omnibus, omnibus to station, station to car, and vice versa."

So we started, as at present in Genoa; have spent eight days on our excursion; and we find the Finnish lady is perfectly in the right. She is as sweet and neat-looking a young woman as can be desired, and goes about with perfect independence, yet think of it, she is a porter and omnibus. She makes also such purchases as are needed from time to time, and if she buys presents for friends in the far-off Finland home, they are small but valuable, and join "Charles Dickens" in the satchel. — DR. MARIE ZAKRZEWSKA, in Woman's Journal.

Hopelessly still my sails are bent, my pilot is faultless-ly true;  
He holds my course as though the seas and the mirrored skies were blue,  
And the port of peace, where the winds are still, were evermore in view.

For over the spray, and the rain, and the clouds, shines the eternal sun;  
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